

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XLV.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1916.

NUMBER 20

Published every week.
\$1.00, a year in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

A Match.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together,
In sad or singing weather.
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or grey grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single,
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are,
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together,
We'd March made sweet the weather,
With daffodil and daisy,
And hours of fruitful break;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving looks and treasons,
And tears of night and morn,
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein!
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

At the End of the Line

Two old prospectors of old acquaintance have long taken pleasure in relating a ludicrous and yet serious adventure that befell them while washing for gold along the coast of Sonora, in Mexico, some years ago. With the aid of two natives, they were working over a gravel bar in a small stream with indifferent success. Below this bar, over which the creek water rippled in little streams, there was a deep pool that shoaled off on one side to a sandy beach and on the other in to a dense "tule" marsh, where lily-beds were also part of the semi-tropical vegetation. Penny, one of the miners, a big Yankee of humorous bent of mind and with a keen eye for original methods of getting on in the world, had conceived the idea that in that pool below the bar there must be coarse gold washed from the gravel stretches above, where they have already found "color."

He had so impressed his partner with this idea that they had tried to drain the pool. When that met with little success, they attempted to use a crude dredge, which had shown just enough of the rich sand to confirm Penny's belief, without being practicable. The bed-rock of the creek, whenever they struck it made the men believe that the twenty-foot pool was a golden pocket. They were willing to undertake the expenses of draining the hole thoroughly if their opinion was confirmed.

When Penny came back from his "grubstake" trip to Guaymas, he brought a strange outfit, the like of which Morse, the old Californian, had never seen before.

"What's that awful thing?" he asked the smiling Penny.

"That?" said the Yankee, "That's a diving suit. It cost two hundred dollars and dead cheap at the price! Some chaps who had been trying pearl fishing in the lower gulf were stranded, and were trying to sell the suit and pump in a junk shop. I had a brilliant idea, and gobbled it up quick. I'm going to explore the hole!"

Morse was used to his genial partner's whims but this was startling. The plainsman declared that the "sea critter" got on his nerves. It was a frightful looking monster, with Penny inside—a rather antiquated affair of its kind, with copper helmet and plates, rubber dress, and two great staring eyes.

The buckles, brass studs and screws, led Morse to liken it to an immense horned toad, and the two natives, when they saw Penny in it for the first time, were frightened, and became loud in predictions of

evil from its use. Morse, too, had misgivings about its safety.

The first time that Penny went down, with Morse and the natives attending to the pump and life-line from the boat, the weights were ill adjusted, and he landed on his head in the mud. It was only after frantic signals and much exertion that he was extricated. The next time the valves were loose, and Penny nearly strangled; the third time, in pulling him out, the Sonorenses capsized the boat and Penny again all but lost his life.

Morse begged him to desist, but Penny, who was now learning how to keep his feet in the current at the bottom, would not consent. The four men constructed a rude dam and platform above the pool to divert the swift, shallow stream and to afford a vantage ground from which to attend to the diving apparatus from above. On this plank bulkhead Morse and the natives worked the pump, while Penny explored the sands of the hole. This bulwark cost infinite labor, but after some weeks the Yankee prospector-diver began to bring out coarse gold from the gravel strata below. The pocket was rich, and the men determined either to drain the pool in some manner so that it could be worked, or else import a dredge and scoop out the golden sands.

Meanwhile Penny explored the dim under-depths, while Morse and Andreas Micheltorena, dubbed "Mike" by the Americans, lazily attended to the pump and hauled the baskets of rich slime and mud to be washed. The other peon was busy away on the rocky bank.

One warm afternoon Penny was below on his short shifts—for it took him long to become accustomed to the uncouth rig—with "Mike" at the life-rope. Morse and Victorio were paddling the boat into the tule swamp in search of a waterfowl which the miner had shot a few minutes before.

The arms of the party were all at the little camp, where utensils, supplies and "dust" were stored, with no thought of trespassers. They were in a wild country, but had no particular intimation of danger, since the turbulent Indians of the interior rarely came to the coast. But a stray party of Yaquis, on their way to the annual tribal gathering on the Guaymas River, had happened on the camp the day before, and noted its defenseless position. Scouting rich loot and equally precious ammunition, a small party of warriors had trailed back, lurking in the hills for a chance of plunder.

It came that afternoon. The wily bucks crept almost between the camp and its occupants, among the boulders.

Suddenly the cracking of half a dozen rifles broke on the air, and bullets showered about Micheltorena, the only man visible. The Mexican leaped on the bar and fled to the brush. The Indians ran across the open, saw Morse and his companion in the boat and opened fire on them.

Victorio fell with a wound in his shoulder; his weight capsized the boat! The men were floundering in the muddy marsh, and the Indians, coming up both sides of the tules in the spot where they had been seen.

"Under the boat, Victorio!" whispered Morse.

He dragged the frightened native beneath the water, for already two of the Yaquis were wading through the tules; across the stream others prevented any escape by the water.

Under the capsized boat, Morse and Victorio thrust their heads above the open water in a dim greenish light. They sank in the swamp to their necks. They could hear nothing, except their own hoarse breathing, loud in the confined space. The air quickly became foul, and Morse cautiously raised the gunwale of the craft.

Not twenty feet from them the back of a warrior showed, reflected, too, in the clear water. He sunk to his waist, alert, silent, watching the creek. The Indians supposed the man had dived into the deeper water course. Another Yaqui was splashing to the reedy margin.

Morse lowered the rim of the boat and waited. In a moment the air became heavy, the suspense intolerable. Poor Victorio, sinking in mud, with his wound reddening the

water was helpless, clinging to a thwart with one arm. Morse feared that he would faint in the close air.

Morse forced the gunwale up on his broad shoulders. The Indians stood silent as statues with rifles raised above the water, holding their cartridge-belts in their teeth, for they, too, were sinking in the ooze. Across the creek their comrades were plundering the camp. Morse lowered the boat and waited in cramped despair.

Then there came a violent shove at the boat, dragging the imprisoned men off their feet. The Indians were trying to force it shoreward. Morse seized the thwarts, holding back and the warriors tried then to right the craft. One took the rope and hauled and another pushed at the stern so close that Morse could have trod on the fellow's toes in the mire.

The Indians strained and tugged, calling for aid. The two miners held desperately, choking; in the four air, and the bucks simply submerged themselves neck-deep in the tules.

"It's all up, Victorio!" groaned Morse when the Indians shook and rocked the boat. "Let's cut and run! Can you swim with that arm?"

But the Indians, with their rifles endangered from the water, suddenly left this task in disgust, and made for the solid bank, mystified at the obstinacy of the apparently empty craft. After a bite, Morse cautiously raised the edge of the boat. The party had gathered near the plank dam, hallooing to others in the camp, and examining the air pump and the diver's rigging with much interest.

Penny! What has become of him?

To Morse it suddenly seemed hours since the attack. His plucky comrade must be strangling, signaling in vain to be given air or to be drawn from his deadly peril.

Morse groaned aloud. It seemed as if he could see the life-line jerking where it hung from the platform. Penny never stayed down longer than eight minutes, and the air was kept circulating constantly. By now what was his fate. Morse tried to reckon the time since the helper had fled from the pump.

The gesticulating warriors about the pump guessed that the apparatus was part of the gringos' mining outfit. Perhaps a load of treasure was on the end of these two lines. They had already seized the gold boxes in the tent, along with the supplies.

Morse and Victorio, both beneath the boat, their chins just at the water-level, so quiet that no ripples betrayed their presence, saw three of the Indians grasp the life-line and leap off the platform sand-bar across the creek. Then half a dozen of bucks took the rope and dragged it slowly up the beach. The squaws in the plundered camp screamed and laughed approval, and then up through the shoaling water of the creek there appeared the strangest find that the dozen Indians ever secured.

The diver came sprawling through the sand, huge and helpless at the end of the line.

There was a yell of astonishment from the onlookers. The party holding the rope slackened a bit, and Penny fell in the shadows. Then seeing the frightful thing struggling to its feet, alive, huge and menacing, its bulk reflected in the ripples, the Indians shrank back in horror.

Penny staggered up, a black, shining monster, the sun reflecting from his headpiece, the great staring eyes full on the awe-stricken Indians, his hands raised to free himself of the trailing air-tube and lines.

The Indians gazed one instant with dumb fright at his terrible being. One warrior only, safe across the creek, retained his senses and fired shot after shot at the man-like inhabitant of the dark pool. Penny rolled on the sand and fell forward near the party.

Like a scurrying of autumn leaves every last red man fled to the brush of the creek bed; the squaws dropped pots and pans and biscuit-boxes in the ashes of the camp, and followed. When Morse threw the boat from his shoulders with a shout, the last Indian was scaling the bluff black of the tent with a howl of terror.

Morse plunged into the creek, swimming across to where Penny rolled in the sand, trying to unscrew his face-plate, and kicking his leaden shoes wildly about. Morse thought he was writing in a death-agony.

The big Yankee was choking and black in the face when the helmet came off, but when he could get his breath he roared in anger at the startled trio who had gathered about him.

"You fellows all gone crazy?" he shouted.

"Shut off the air and nearly pull me in two will you? Yank me across this bar like I was a catfish, hey? And who did the shooting? Mighty nice joke to put up on a man!"

"Joke nothing!" said Morse. "The joke was all on a pack of Indians, and you missed the whole thing!"

Penny had nearly strangled, and had been unable to see anything when he was hauled ashore. It had really been not more than ten minutes, however, from the time the pump was stopped till his face-plate was removed, and the air in his dress had been sufficient to keep him alive and conscious. Through the twilled rubber of his dress were two bullet holes. Morse indulged in roars of laughter as he explained, while they dressed Victorio's shoulder and restored the disordered camp.

"We got five guns from that bunch of Indians," said he, "and I guess when this story gets round, you can't get a red on these creek diggings for love or money!"—*Exchange.*

LADY JANE GREY

The duke of Northumberland persuaded Edward VI, on his death bed, to exclude the princesses Mary and Elizabeth from succession, and gave the crown to the grandniece of Henry VIII, Lady Jane Grey, who had married his son, Lord Guilford Dudley. Edward consented, and on his death, in 1553, Jane Grey was made queen of England.

When Lady Jane Grey was informed of her elevation to the throne, she fell in a swoon, and when she recovered refused to accept the crown. At last she yielded to the supplications of her parents and was crowned.

She reigned only ten days and resigned the crown gladly. Mary was then made queen. Northumberland was executed.

The father of Lady Jane took up arms to restore his daughter to the throne, but the rebellion was crushed, and he was executed.

Lady Jane and her husband were also condemned to die. On the day set for the execution, the husband asked to see his wife, but Jane refused him, saying "Our separation will be but for a moment." From the window in her cell, she saw him led to execution and calmly viewed the bleeding corpse dragged back in a cart. Then commending her soul to God, she cheerfully laid her head on the block.

Thus fell the unfortunate Jane Grey, one of the purest characters of history. She loved literature, and, though only seventeen at the time of her death, was versed in eight languages and astonished with her learning the wise men of her time.

THE HAPPY MAN.

"The happiest man in the world," says Bent Murdoch, "is the common, everyday chap who makes his own living, pays his bills and has a little money as he goes along, but he doesn't strive to get a corner on the local output, and he is slave to neither ambition nor society. He loves his God and his fellow man, thinks there is no place like home, the haven of rest, prefers the company of his wife and children to that of any one else, never has to sit up at night to poliothe his conscience, believes in the doctrine of life and let live, and when he encounters one of the needy he doesn't stutter with his pocketbook. The plain man is happy because he is satisfied and doesn't spend the best of life in yearning for something four sizes too large for him."

CHICAGO.

News items of interest to the deaf of Chicago and vicinity may be addressed to Edwin M. Hazel, 5317 West 24th Street, Cicero, Ill. Subscriptions will be received and forwarded to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

In assuming the duties of Chicago correspondent of this paper, I feel that I can in no wise equal my brilliant old friend, Mr. Sidney Howard, who for more years than I am old has in a scholarly and enterprising manner written the pleasant doings of the deaf in this field. He has kindly promised to assist me, at times, in keeping all of Chicago posted on current events and happy happenings in this district.

With this explanation, I make my bow, hoping the deaf of Chicago will aid me by sending in news for publication.

With grief I write of the death of Richard Gilbert Watson, aged 25, beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. K. Watson, of 6239 Langley Avenue. He died early Saturday morning, the 29th ult., at the home of his parents. Richard was a good boy, and leaves many friends whose sympathies mingle with the tears of the bereaved family. Touching services were held at the late home of the deceased by both Rev. Chas. H. Young and Rev. Geo. F. Flick. Burial occurred at Oakwood Cemetery at three o'clock P.M., Sunday.

VAUDEVILLE ENTERTAINMENT.

On the evening of April 24th, there occurred a most enjoyable vaudeville performance, at Parish Hall of All Saints' Church, over which Rev. Geo. Flick presides. It proved a grand success in every way and all present went home happily at its conclusion. All the performers were members of the congregation, and under the able management of Mrs. Morton Henry, did their parts splendidly. Much praise is due to all concerned, but especially to the popular pastor and Mrs. Henry, who both did herculean work in making the entertainment the grand success it proved. The program is—

RECITATION—"The Watchman," by Miss Marie Taznar.
DECLAMATION—"History of John Gilpin," by Rev. Mr. Flick.

A COMEDY—"Dr. Dobbs' Assistant," by Dr. Dobbs, Mr. Dougherty, Mr. Rowse, Mr. Sbitzky, Mr. MacDonald, Mrs. MacDonald and Mr. Hazel.

"Akron or Bust," has seemed to be the cry of many of the deaf young men of Chicago recently, and the latest convert to the alluring beck of the hustling Ohio city is our young friend, Eric Ornsberg, who "hit the Akron trail" last week, taking with him the best wishes of many "Windy City" friends.

Mr. Wm. Wilson, lately of Denver, Col., has secured a situation in a lithographing house here, and has settled down as a citizen of Chicago. He is welcomed to our good town.

"Great doings" is in store for the deaf of Chicago on the evening of the 20th of this month. The Silent Athletic Club is going to give an old-fashioned "Hard Times Party" to its members and friends at the time mentioned, at which fun jollity and dancing will be indulged in. The enjoyable affair will be held at the Club's headquarters, 1641 W. Madison Street.

The Chicago Chapter of the Illinois Association of the Deaf will hold its quarterly meeting in the rooms of the Silent Athletic Club, 1641 W. Madison Street, on Saturday evening, the 27th inst. This is a popular Association, and a splendid gathering is sure to be on hand. The truly meritorious object of this grand association of the deaf of Illinois, aside from friendly greeting and good fellowship, is the fact that it has in mind and is keeping to the front the one good and supremely human task of securing funds and erecting a home for aged and infirm deaf. Us young fellows, unfortunately, are slow to fully grasp our duty in such glorious causes as this, but we must teach ourselves, and drive the fact home that "The young of to-day will be the old of tomorrow," and lend ourselves in aid, morally and

financially, in giving godspeed to the noble efforts of the Chicago Chapter of Illinois Association of the Deaf in its manly efforts.

Under the auspices of Division No. 1, Chicago N. F. S. D., Mr. John Mueller, of Louisville, Ky., will deliver a lecture at its meeting on the fifth floor of the Masonic Temple, State and Washington Streets, May 13th, (next Saturday night.) Mr. Mueller comes well recommended as an interesting talker. Refreshments will be served by members and their families. All members should be on hand to enjoy this treat.

The change in the dates of vacation and return to school of the pupils of the Illinois State School for the Deaf at Jacksonville, this year, is quite surprising. Heretofore vacation began the second Tuesday of June and ended in the second week of September, but this year it starts June 1st and ends October 1st. The evident cause of thus lengthening the time of vacation is the "high cost of living" to the State for maintenance of the pupils. Also the longer stay at home with loved ones will be greatly enjoyed by many of the boys and girls of the institution.

Mr. Frederick Curtis, of 512 W. 24th Place, Cicero, president of Division No. 1, N. F. S. D., sent his wife and little daughter on a pleasure trip to her parents and girlhood friends in St. Ansgar, Ia., this week. They will be gone several months, and it is hoped they will fully enjoy their trip and return safely, and happily end the enforced "bachelorhood" of popular Fred. Mr. Curtis has been for many years a trusted employee of the National Harvester Co., in Chicago.

Donald, beloved little, one-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sharpnack, of Lyons, is dead. The saddened parents keenly miss the baby prattle of their little pet and mourn, while the sympathy of a host of friends is feelingly extended them. Death occurred the 14th of last month.

A pleasant affair and lunch was given last Wednesday night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sbitzky on the West Side, in honor of the birth of their first grandson, whose name is George R. Cooks, born Sunday midnight. A good time was passed by many friends in music, feasting, and best wishes for the newcomer and his folks. The cocoanut cake of Mrs. Sbitzky was an especial treat appreciated by all. Mr. Cooks, the happy father, is purchasing agent for the dining car service of the C. M. and S. A. P. Ry., and his delighted better half is the daughter of the hospitable Sbitzskys.

Mr. A. Cornwall, who is a frequent visitor at Parish Hall, brought his friend, Dr. Hilbron, who is hard of hearing, over to get acquainted. He enjoyed the time very much with games and supper, and left delighted with his reception, promising to come again. He and Mr. Cornwall were fellow-members of a hard-of-hearing club which meets in the Auditorium.

It was raining. Mrs. Carlson looked sad. "I'll never do it again." Yesterday I killed a snake in my garden and left it lying on its back. I knew it would surely cause rain soon. But I forgot! Anyhow, I'm glad it's raining. Its good for the garden!"

This (Wednesday) evening Miss Chrystal is giving a card party at Parish Hall. All who enjoy these pleasant diversions at the hall speak highly of them, and the mention of "a card party" is sure to bring out a jolly, sociable crowd.

Mr. A. Liebenstein, cousin of Mr. Hart, of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, great tailoring house, has secured a position as cutter there, and is working at the Market and Monroe Street branch. He is a first-class workman, having been employed with the Ederheim Stern Co. for twelve years, where he made a splendid record as an artist in his line. We wish him success.

Mr. Harry Brimble has left Chicago for the summer, to work on the farm of Mr. Hartung, near Starved Rock, Ill. His Chicago friends wish him success in his new situation.

In Memoriam.

MRS. AGNES BOYD VAN KLEECK Crary.

In the early hours of Friday morning, April 28th, 1916, when the birds were carolling their songs of joy and thanksgiving, in the quiet, old "Teller Homestead," at Beacon, N. Y., surrounded by her devoted children, the gentle spirit of our loved and esteemed friend, Mrs. Agnes Boyd Van Kleeck Crary, took its flight into the "Great Beyond." On Monday, May 1st, her funeral services were held in St. Luke's Church, Beacon, of which her father was the first rector. The interment was in the cemetery near the church. The little edifice was well filled with relatives and friends and the services were very impressive.

Mrs. Crary's life was one of steadfast devotion to her Saviour, and though of a retiring nature, she spent it in doing good and cheering the sad hearts of those in lonely affliction, and was beloved by all. She was the first Vice President for several years, of the Board of Lady Managers of the Gallaudet Home. In 1907, owing to her change of residence, she resigned from her official position, but retained her membership on the Board until the end of her life. Those of our silent ones at the Home, who knew her, will remember her with affection and deep appreciation of the many acts of kindness shown them during their temporary residence in the Pelton House, Poughkeepsie, after the disastrous fire of 1900. Our friend is at rest; has entered her heavenly home, and is now realizing the joy and the glory of the faithful.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At the regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Gallaudet Home, held on Thursday, May 4, 1916, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His all-wise Providence to remove from us Agnes Boyd Van Kleeck Crary, who was a member of the Board of Managers of the Gallaudet Home from the date of its organization to that of her death, therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby express and place on record our appreciation of the fidelity with which she performed the duties of a member of that board, and our sense of the loss which the board has sustained by her decease.

FRANCES ELIZABETH THROOP,

Secretary.

E. P. N.

A PERSUADED PRISONER.

There is a deputy-marshal in Mississippi who does not permit any such trifles as extradition laws to stop him in the performance of his duties.

When a certain term of court was about to begin, a man out on bail was reported to be enjoying himself over in Georgia. The deputy-marshal went after him. The next day he telegraphed the judge:

"I have persuaded him to come." A few days later he rode into town on a mule, leading his prisoner tied up snugly with a clothes-line. The latter looked as if he had seen hard service.

"Why, Jim," said the judge, "you didn't make him walk all the way?" "No; I drug him, and when we came to the Tallapoosa River he swum."—*Harper's.*

Beautiful Blue Lake.

Perhaps the most striking instance to be seen in the whole world of the wonderful apparent coloring of bodies of water is the marvelously Blue lake in Switzerland. Encompassed on all sides by lofty mountains, their lower ranges luxuriantly clothed with verdure down to the edge of the water and adorned with many fine forest trees, while their higher acclivities are garbed in a mantle of eternal snow, the little lake, nestling in its deep hollow basin, is quite startling in its singular and strange beauty. The water, although really pure and colorless, appears to be of a most intense sky blue. And its transparency is so remarkable that a small coin dropped into the water in the center of the lake can be seen until it reaches the bottom, apparently more than a hundred feet beneath. —*Sel.*

NEW YORK, MAY 18, 1916.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 16th Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man :
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Nenth the all-befolding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

READERS will note, on the third page of this issue of the JOURNAL, an article concerning the "Deaf-Mute Alphabet," which contains some erroneous statements, one of which is that the inventor of the telephone is also the inventor of the finger alphabet.

It is not altogether startling to find the invention of the manual alphabet attributed to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. So much misinformation concerning him has gained credence, that such a trifling suggestion might well be passed over without comment. But, as it emanates from a learned source, it seems proper to put people right, so far as that may be possible. Very likely the writer confounded the manual alphabet with the system of speech symbols invented by Dr. Bell's father.

The origin of the ancient art of dactylography is unknown. It has been traced to the Assyrian antiquities down to the fifteenth century upon monuments of art.

The Venerable Bede, one of the shining lights of the early English Church, who translated the Scriptures into Anglo-Saxon, wrote a book on "Speech by Means of the Motion of the Fingers," over a thousand years ago. This book was printed in 1532, soon after the art of printing was invented.

The first finger alphabet adopted in teaching spoken and written language to the deaf was the Spanish one-hand alphabet, attributed to the pious and learned monk, Pedro Ponce (1520-1584).

The Spanish alphabet with some modifications was introduced into France by Pereire, where it supplanted the clumsy alphabet used by the Abbe de l'Epee. To the latter is truthfully ascribed the invention of conventional signs for educating the deaf. Which means that he devised new signs and systematized familiar gestures, so that they became an efficient vehicle for conveying knowledge and developing the intellect of those whose ears were closed to vocal sounds.

One fact stands out prominently in regard to the manual alphabet used at present by the deaf, and that is, that it was not invented for them. Its use, in one form or another, stretches far back into the centuries. Monks under vows of silence used the alphabet to communicate with each other. Learned men who had special reasons to preserve secrecy, also used one or another form of finger alphabet.

The above, in substance, outlines the facts discovered and the conclusions reached through researches made by the late Rev. Henry Winter Syle and the late Dr. Joseph Gordon, both scholars of eminence, acknowledged to be extremely careful and accurate, who would never mistake surmise for certainty, nor give the weight of their assertion to any point about which there existed a reasonable doubt.

FANWOOD.

MEMBER'S DAY.

To concentrate upon a point of originality, wherein we may lift our quivering quill from the already well worn, well scribbled, parchment that has annually given full justice, and chronicle faithfully the events of Member's Day, at Fanwood, seems rather a futile, unenviable task. The greater majority of our readers are familiar with the many noteworthy happenings that befall this date, and, recalling from the enlivening columns of the past will doubtless share the writer's own sentiments. However poor the writing, truth may be realized in acclaiming the occasion this year even better in comparison to its predecessors.

The morning routine was given over to the customary competition of final preparations for the afternoon; the cadets being examined in the early hours by Major Van Tassel, and the Principal arranging the day's program. A light dinner was served at eleven o'clock to both pupils and officers.

Sharply at two o'clock, upon the last arrival, the Members of the Board of Directors gathered in the reception-room, at their annual meeting and election of officers for the time specified in the By-Laws of the Institution. The results of the election follow:—

President, Charles Augustus Stoddard; First Vice-President, Thatcher M. Adams; Second Vice-President, Archibald D. Russell; Secretary, Samuel R. Betts; Treasurer, William M. V. Hoffman.

Directors—To serve three years, until the third Tuesday in May, 1919—Rev. Charles Augustus Stoddard, Julian W. Robbins, Franklin A. Plummer, Francis G. Landon, James B. Ford, Stuart Duncan, F. Burrall Hoffman and F. A. De Peyster.

The meeting was followed by an inspection of the buildings. Under special escort, direction of Principal Currier, the directors and guests were taken through the Main Building, Academic and Trades Schools Buildings, where inspection of the works embracing the school's many changes and improvements were observed, also the work and routine of the pupils. The tour was greeted with much universal approval and pleasure was exhibited.

At half past three, the military examiners, Major General Elmore F. Austin and staff, arrived in their bing army officers' touring car, and under escort of Major Van Tassel were warmly received by Colonel Currier. The cadets in the big study-hall were standing at attention in their respective positions when the file of reviewing officers passed through.

At forming ranks on the parade ground in the presence of many hundred spectators, the companies under command of their Cadet Captains saluted the colors borne under guard to their place at the of Company C. At command of Major Van Tassel the review, inspection, and afternoon dress parade began. Company A, led by the band and followed by Companies C and B, formed squads right and swung into line, drawing up in battalion formation in front of the reviewing stand. Cadet Adjutant Roy Parsons saluted Major Van Tassel and presented the battalion at his command.

General Austin and staff were saluted, and accompanying the Major, marched past inspecting the straight lines of gray-blue uniforms. Passing in review, with the band playing the "Twelfth Regiment March," the cadets drew up under command of Captain Altenderfer.

With the accurate training from daily practice, the companies presented a superb exhibition of the Butts' Rifle Drill in a perfect rhythm with the music of the band. This part of the drill was greatly appreciated by all.

The afternoon dress parade was an exhibition of the battalion in unison performing the Butts' Manual, Officers center and sound-off, with alert steadiness.

The companies then repaired for the great cadet competitive drill for superior excellence in the Manual of Arms, General Austin and his staff being the judges. Three medals of gold and silver are awarded annually to each company of cadets, and the awards going to the first, second and third who in the opinion of the judges have shown the highest proficiency in the handling of their arms. The test demands the best of each cadet, peculiar stress being put upon the outward appearance in both form and bearing of the cadet, and also equal attention is given the ability in which he can execute all the correct positions and movements imperative in the Manual of Arms.

Company B was selected first this time to face the judges; Company C next, and Company A third. The ordeal demanded perseverance and nerve as the spirit of perfectness was quite apparent. With good judgment and keen study, the examiners were able only slowly to disqualify one cadet after another, the three nearest perfection were selected the winners. This was repeated over with Companies C and A, the Cadet Captains giving the

commands. The little kids in C for a while were rather wild with excitement, but when their moment came managed to remain calm and tense, showing rare steadiness throughout the competition.

The cadets for 1916 to acquire the much-coveted good fortune of winning the gold and silver medals, and the applause and congratulations of the school, and friends were:—

The Archibald D. Russell Gold Medals, for the highest proficiency in the school of the soldier, went to:

"A" Company—Cadet Frederick J. G. Tingberg.

"B" Company—Cadet Alfred M. Allen.

"C" Company—Cadet Frank Florentini.

The General George Moore Smith Medals, for marked excellence in military drill and manual of arms, went to:

"A" Company—Cadets Emanuel Kerner and George W. Webb, Jr.

"B" Company—Cadets Gordon Ruthven and Aurelio Ruggiero.

"C" Company—Cadets William Nixon and Emil Mulfeld.

The Gold Medal for proficiency in Field music was awarded to Cadet Chief Musician John E. Stafford.

The Principal's Gold Medal, for the Best Drill Officer, was won by Cadet Lieutenant Max Cohen.

A Memorial of Mrs. Lewis Sanger provided by her daughters, to encourage members of the Band—the Sanger Prize, ten dollars in gold, awarded to Cadet Principal Musician Michael Ciavolino and Cadet Chief Trumpeter Harry Barnes, five dollars to each.

Gen. Austin in his congratulatory address spared neither modesty nor silence in voicing his sincerity for the marked excellence both individually and collectively in the boys. He was pleased to see that the institution has steadily advanced in maintaining its lead as a military school, and in speaking of the spirited enthusiasm of the boys he smiled heartily.

The medals were presented by Mr. Stuart Duncan, Member of the Institution Executive Committee, who commented upon the pleasure he found in presenting the tokens of worth and esteem, hoping the memory of them would cause further effort be given in all of their work. This event completed the program of the day.

There still remains a solemn grandeur in the final vibrations and steady tramp of dismissed companies, as dusk was beginning to fall, bringing this year's great military drill at the school to a triumphant end. How long it will last we are left to see, but the thrill of the memory of it will linger long even long after many have passed the gates of graduation.

"Open Court," was held in the chapel Saturday night, President Fox addressing the large gathering of the Literary Association. The chief subject of the free-for-all debate was "Preparedness." Cadet Lieuts. Livingston and Herdtfelder, Cadet Band Sergeants Haberman and Ciavolino and Cadet M. Rubin representing the affirmative, while Sergeant Orman and Cadet Corp. Tabachnick fought the negative. Many valuable remarks were picked up from the boys' talk, and it seems all are in pretty close touch with the preparedness question, if we are to judge from the ability they demonstrated before the advanced scholars. New York's big preparedness parade, in which many women participated, afforded much opportunity for open discussion.

The affirmative side took the school by storm, the negatives barely coming through with their skins. Dr. Fox had full charge of the meeting, and speaking in accord, nodded approval to the affirmative debate. It cannot be denied now that we are not all progressive and on the defense.

Prof. Stevenson preached an interesting Sunday afternoon service on "Mother's Day." Speaking of his topic he said, "Mother is our dearest friend; the loyalty, the purity, the fidelity, the love she gives us, is from the heart and soul of her."

Some of the Cadets saw the parade along Fifth Avenue Saturday afternoon, and came back at seven strongly inspired in his favor.

Principal Currier gave permission to Cadet Captains Gruet, Lux, Burke, Cadet Lieuts. Quinta, Schnapp, Cadet Color Sergeant Berman, Cadet First Sergeant Funk, and Cadet Band Corporal Barnes, to attend the mammoth De l'Epee program which was so efficiently staged at the Central Opera House Saturday evening. The boys report enjoying the entertainment, and though all did not share in the dancing, pleasure was found abundantly chatting with the many friends they have in New York's deaf world.

Wednesday night, May 17th, the battalion and band will give one of its big Military exhibits at the 22d Regiment Armory. The affair will represent the Nineteenth Annual Review and Competitive Drill of St. Ann's Guard, in conjunction with

Co. F, 22d Corps of Engineers, N. G. N. Y. There will be a big review and dancing tournament, and we hope to see the many friends of the school present to witness the evolutions in military drill of the Fanwood cadets. The armory is at 168th Street and Fort Washington Avenue.

Captain Altenderfer for the past weeks has taken up the duties of Physical and Gymnastic Director in the Institution teaching with the best success. His simple culture lessons have been received with warm approval, and though we cannot claim that in all cases improvement has been reached, still we can say no one has yet taken the downward step. Development is slow but sure, and if the majority wish is accepted, it is looked forward to his staying in that office.

BASE BALL.

Fanwood met its match Saturday afternoon, again, tasting defeat in the tenth inning of the game, this time at the hands of the strong Philoi Nine of Brooklyn. The visiting team is admittedly one of the strongest that has come to the Institution; but still, had Fanwood played with its usual vim and capacity in which they have won some of their best contests, it is doubtful whether the opposing nine would have departed so gleeful.

With such facts, prophecy would have decided the issue ours, even long before the ninth inning, but as it was, the agony was prolonged until the tenth, when the Philoi team was virtually presented with the game.

Somehow the first and second innings seemed to be hoofoos for us, for as in the former game of last week, five runs were scored against us in this time. We can justly attribute lack of "pep" the chief cause, for if it were only possible to instill some invigorating life into the team in both this and games to come, it is quite possible that Fanwood may yet mount the pinnacle before the close of school. It is quite obvious that the team lacks the spirit of union that brings the real glory and success, for the present exhibit shows that individualism, every player working only for his own welfare, has marred much of the opportunities offered for open play and good work. Until players are willing to admit this and lend real loyal assistance to Manager Margraf, there seems little hope of success on the diamond. It's one or the other; so choose the right thing, boys.

Only after the sixth inning did the team wake up sufficiently to tie the score only to let the Philoi team take the lead in the next. The eighth found us in the lead by one run, but stupid base-running on the part of our third-baseman, Quinta, spoiled another chance to gain. The ninth batting ended with a tie score.

The beginning of the tenth was marked by sensational plays of both teams. The fate of the contest however ended in the favor of the Philoi team who, due to wild heaves from our generally reliable left-fielder Cadet Schnapp, scored triumphantly the additional run in spite of every effort to foil it. This inning was one of the best for good batting seen in the whole contest. Cadets Siegel, Lux, Rubin and Mr. Margraf, walloped out with admirable speed, scoring several of the best runs. It was in the sixth with bases jammed that Mr. Margraf doubled, sending two runs across the plate, and with Cadet Lux at bat, a pretty squeeze play was executed. Cadet Schnapp remaining on third and Mr. Margraf scoring. Cadet Rader, our twirler, seemed to be complete master, but many miscues in the field made it impossible for him to win.

The new line-up that was acted upon last week worked decidedly better, but there is much yet to be accomplished. Cadet Pescia is to play at first base; Cadet Burke at third; and Cadet Quinta we hope will plug up the hole at short stop. The results of game in full:—

PHILOI	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bowman, s.s.	5	2	4	3	3	2
Ryder, c., r.f., 2b.	4	3	3	1	1	0
Skilling, 1b.	2	0	0	2	0	0
Belley, c.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Bolk, 2b, p.	4	0	1	3	1	0
Schroeter, p., r.f.	5	0	1	2	4	0
Reid, 3b.	3	1	0	1	0	0
Hubin, c.f., 1b.	4	1	0	2	1	0
Sibbs, 1f.	5	2	1	1	0	2
Godfrey, c.f., c.f.	5	1	0	1	0	2
Total	43	10	10	30	10	6

FANWOOD	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Schnapp, r.f.	4	4	0	1	0	0
Margraf, 1f.	5	3	3	3	1	0
Lux, c.	5	0	1	12	2	1
Siegel, 2b.	5	0	3	5	2	1
Bolke, 1b.	5	0	0	5	0	2
Burke, s.s.	2	0	0	1	0	1
Altenderfer, 3b.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Bolke, c.f.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Quinta, 3b., s.s.	4	1	2	1	3	1
Rader, p.	5	1	1	0	2	0
Total	45	9	12	30	13	6

INNING	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
PHILOI	2	3	0	0	0	1	0	1	3	—10
FANWOOD	1	0	0	0	4	0	2	0	2	—9

Summaries—Earned runs—Philoi, 8; Fanwood, 7. Two base hits—Margraf, Rubin, Bowman, Ryder, Sibbs. Left on bases—Philoi, 11; Fanwood, 13. stolen bases—Siegel, 2; Margraf, Lux, Bowman, Skilling. Sacrifices—Margraf, Lux. Sacrifices—Ryder. Double plays—Margraf to Siegel, Rubin to Siegel. First on balls—off Rader, 2; off Schroeter, 5; off Bolk, 0. Struck out—by Rader, 12; by Schroeter, 6; by Bolk, 5. Hits—off Schroeter, 8 in 6 innings; off Bolk, 4 in 4 innings. Hit by Pitcher—Bolk (Pescia). Time of game—Two hours and fifty-five minutes. Umpires—Mr. Kauter and Cadet Color Sergeant Berman. Scorer—Cadet George Sherman.

Here's to future victory.

"Protens," the pet squirrel of the Cadet officers, send his best regards to you.

In the *Deaf Carolinian*, Superintendent Goodwin writes of his visit to Fanwood as follow:—

"The New York Institute was for a long time the largest school for the deaf in the country and the Institute for the Improved Instruction of the Deaf was one of the very first purely oral schools in the country. The former is a combined system school, though practically every pupil is taught Articulation. It was the first to adopt military instruction, and has under the very necessity of the situation had to furnish the other schools with commandants and instructors in military tactics. This school has a band composed of deaf pupils of the school, and would do credit to any hearing band of students in any military school. We venture to say that in another decade, almost every School for the Deaf will have a military instructor, and it will go a long way to solve the problem of discipline."

ALLENTOWN, PA.

The deaf-mutes of Allentown will hold their Annual Picnic at Central Park, on August 12th. Mr. Corey Allen is the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. This time we will work for the Home at Doylestown. Dinner and supper will be charged at a nominal price. No doubt every one who comes will be interested in the good cause we are helping to thrive and will give us willing hands, so that the inmates of the Home won't come to extremities. Games of all sorts will be arranged later, and a good time is anticipated for all who attend.

The stork was seen hovering about over the western horizon of Allentown, on the 10th of April, and upon investigating it was found that it deposited a bouncing baby boy in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Litzenberger. They have now three children, two boys and a girl, the eldest is in the Mt. Airy Institution, Philadelphia.

In the latter part of April, Mr. Corey Allen, of this city, was in Easton, Pa., and lectured before the deaf-mutes of that city. His subject was "The Gun Maker of Moscow." The proceeds, which netted \$2.50, is for the Home Fund, and will be forwarded to the Treasurer in the very near future. "Good." Ain't it?

Several of the younger deaf here took the good opportunity in accompanying the Hippodrome Excursion to New York, on Saturday, May 6th. They all reported having a grand time there.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Leinberry moved from 1222 Union Street to 2043 Liberty Street, last week, just opposite the Fair Grounds on the North Side.

O. K.

May 12, 1916.

A Smart Capture.

Monroe Patheal and Joe Behl had just forced the back door of John R. Kocher's residence on Tenth and San Antonio last night, and were arranging for the appropriation of some of the piping in the back part of the house when the door suddenly flew open, a well-known voice called out hands up and the two gentlemen found themselves safely in the hands of Chief Ben Fuller with Patrolmen Kelly and Kidward. Mr. Kocher's house is undergoing renovation and was unoccupied, and the two men, who are both deaf-mutes, imagined they would have a clear course. However, one of the neighbors became suspicious and phoned up Captain Black at the police office about 9:15 P.M. Within two or three minutes the chief and his men were on the spot and the men submitted without resistance. They will appear before Judge Dougherty this morning.—*San Jose Mercury-Herald, May 4, 1916.*

Baptist Minister to the Deaf

Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio.

REV. E. CLAYTON WYAND, M.A.

Ordained Minister.

SERVICES OPEN TO AND FOR ALL.

The minister makes a specialty of Reading and Lectures for Social organizations.

Assembly rooms furnished free anywhere.

Address: Keedysville, Md.

Mr. Major P. Bicknell died, at Portland, Me., on Sunday, May 7th, at the age of seventy-two years.

On Palm Sunday, April 16th, at St. George's Church, Schenectady, Rev. H. Van Allen baptized Mary Alice and Charlotte, children of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick T. Lloyd, of Saratoga Springs. A. T. Bailey and Mrs. Richard Geith were the sponsors.

Edward Klier, of Schenectady, is now employed in the porcelain department of the General Electric works in that city.

In Memoriam.

PROHIBITION—Service will be held in memory of our devoted brother, Theodore A. at Mount Hope Cemetery, Cypress Hills, Sunday, May 20, at 2:30 P.M. In case of rain, following Sunday.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

In our last batch of news, we somehow neglected to make note of a visit to the White House, by members of the Senior Class, during Presentation week. On Thursday morning, May 4th, President Wilson received the young men of the class, by special appointment, and they had a most enjoyable time with the First Gentleman of the Land.

During the same afternoon, Mrs. Wilson tendered a tea to the young ladies of the Class. From reports, the second function was quite as enjoyable as the first. All who were present unite in voting the host and hostess the most delightful people they have ever met.

The program presented at the Literary meeting of the "Lit" Society for May 12th, although minus the customary debate, proved to be in every way an excellent one, and full of interest for those present.

Of particular merit, as is attested by the marked attention of the spectators, was a Reading—"The Red Axe," by Mr. F. H. Hughes, '13, or rather, "Prof." Hughes. Mr. Hughes demonstrated that he possesses a great deal of dramatic ability, his depiction of the story being at once both graphic and realistic. With his force in description, and particularly with his mastery of the sign language, he set a mark that we may well "shoot" at for quite a few moons to come.

The other numbers on the program were a dialogue by Messrs. McInturf, '17, and R. Wenger, '18, a declamation by Mr. Cascaeden, '17. This latter was of more than ordinary merit. Criticism was made by Mr. Andrewjeski, '16.

On a recent Sunday afternoon, Dr. E. A. Fay delivered one of his interesting and characteristic talks. On the occasion we have in mind, he discussed, in his usual earnest and magnetic manner, the components of Happiness. Many parts of his address were both beautiful and impressive, while throughout were evidences of the Doctor's force and purposefulness.

Some kind-hearted soul seems to have taken pity on the Class of 1916, and planted a little box elder on the spot where it's class-tree used to be. According to Schowe, '18, the '15's class-tree, which was a sturdy-looking little pine, just "pined" away, after the members of the class shook the dust of Kendall Green from their feet. We have a mighty keen suspicion that the untimely demise of the tree was caused by the well-meaning but injudicious libations of H₂O, poured upon it from the fire-hydrant, by Moore and Foltz, two worthies of the defunct class.

The campus-bench, presented to the young men of the college by the class of '16, owing to its "comfy" cut, is vying with the Co-Eds for the place of major interest these days. Everybody wants to sit in it at the same time. Things have come to such a pass that unless they make up a schedule for its use, it will soon be reduced to kindling wood by the constant tuggings and pushings it gets.

The members of the Gallaudet Chapter of the College Y. M. C. A., were treated to an interesting talk upon, "What is a Patriot?" by Mr. Arthur Call, who is secretary of the American Peace Society, and is well known both as an orator and humanitarian.

Mr. Call began by telling us what a Patriot is not. He then explained what a Patriot is. His address was both eloquent and forceful, while the humor which occasionally bobbed up, was lively and "catchy." The address was greatly enjoyed by the members and others present.

CO-ED TENNIS.

The finals of the Co-Ed Tennis Tournament were held by invitation on the courts of the Vesper Lawn Tennis Club, opposite the gym, on Friday afternoon, May 12th. Before the appointed time, the Co-Eds, and a goodly collection of their masculine satellites, et al., had donned their most bewitching and—er sonorous raiment, and had plumped themselves into the best seats. Late comers made shift to play stork—on their feet.

By a series of elimination matches, the aspirants for the single title, had filtered down to Misses Keeley, '16, and L. Watts, '18. Both were first class exponents of the net game, and a keen rivalry existed between them. In the 1915 tournament, Miss Keeley had won the title, after a hard fight, Miss Watts being runner-up. A close and exciting match was therefore in order. Miss Keeley served first, and after some difficulty, took the first set, winning all her service games. Miss Watts appeared out of practice and showed a great deal of unsteadiness, particularly in her returns. The set ended 6-3.

In the second set, Miss Watts steadied up noticeably, showing a great deal more dash and fighting spirit. She took the first two games in easy fashion. Miss Keeley came back strong, however, and took three straight games. Toward the finish, Miss Watts put up a gallant fight, forcing her opponent to duce in two games. Nevertheless, nothing could beat Miss Keeley's perfect steadiness, and she won, 6 to 4, taking the set and the match. It

was her fifth consecutive championship.

Miss Keeley's excellent placements and her steadiness in the volleys were the deciding factor. Miss Watts, while showing an excellent service and a beautiful backhand stroke, was not playing as well as she can when in form. She exhibited wonderful speed at times, but was evidently nervous, being unused to playing before such a crowd as viewed the contest.

Both players stayed in the back-court and played a base-line game with few advances to the net.

The doubles were played immediately after the termination of singles match. In this match, the Juniors, represented by Misses M. Pearson and N. Watts met the Sophomores (Misses L. Watts and Atkins). The match was won by the latter, after a stiff fight, particularly in the second set. Score: 6-1; 7-5. The excellent work of Miss L. Watts on one side, and of Miss M. Pearson on the other, were features of this match.

BASEBALL

The Gallaudet ball-headers put a fitting climax to Presentation week by rewalling the everlasting stuffing out of a team representing Baltimore City College, showing enough "stuff" to sink a ship.

Gallaudet started to run wild on the bases early in the contest, showing an utter disregard of the visitors' feelings. The Buff and Blue batters swung at the old pill in an extraordinarily healthy fashion, thereby causing their adherents to grow vociferous and hoarse. Ye scribe ceased to keep tab on the score, after the fifth inning, but has it on reliable authority that the final count of the massacre was 11 to 0. Some Kalsomining! Yee—ah!

On Saturday, May 13th, the second team was handed a trimming by the U. S. Naval Academy Scrubs, in a game played at Annapolis. The score was 8-3. They ought to have known better than to play on the thirteenth, anyway. It's positively unlucky!

H. J. P.

On the 11th of April, while working in the machine room of the cabinet-making department of the Mississippi Institution at Jackson, John W. Welch, one of the bright pupils of the school, captain and star pitcher of the base ball nine, was so badly injured that he died two days later.

Luthern Mission

Divine services are held every Sunday, in New York City, at 3 P.M., in St. Luke's Church, on 42d Street, between Times Square and Eighth Avenue.

In Brooklyn, every Sunday at 7:30 P.M., in the Parish House of St. Mark's Church, Jefferson Street and Bushwick Avenue, near Myrtle Avenue and Broadway Station.

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor.

Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Fully one thousand deaf people attended the Entertainment and Ball of the Allied Societies of the Deaf, at the Central Opera House, last Saturday evening, May 13th.

In addition, it is estimated that two hundred hearing friends graced the occasion with their presence.

Among the distinguished guests were Principal and Mrs. Currier, of the New York Institution; Rev. Father Stadlerman, S. J., of Xavier College; Dr. Harris Taylor, Principal of the Lexington Avenue Institution; Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, Rev. John H. Keiser, Rev. G. H. Hefflon, of the New England Episcopal Missions; Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Crittenden, Rev. Mr. Boll, of the Lutheran Missions in New York and Brooklyn.

There were also many deaf-mutes from out of town, a few of whom we remember and use to embellish this chronicle, as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sherman, of Allston, Mass.; Mrs. W. Jackson (nee Emma Renode), formerly of Pawtucket, R. I., but now living in Massachusetts. From Providence, R. I., there were nine deaf people, but Mr. and Mrs. Morlock, Mr. William Mudrack, Mr. Frank Wood are all we can recall. From Hartford, Ct., came the Rev. Mr. Hefflon. Philadelphia was represented by Messrs. John A. Roach, Harry Stevens, who were accompanied by William Luff, of Wilmington, Del. From Washington, D. C., came Mrs. Nancy Moore and Mrs. Mabel H. Wilson, and Mr. E. E. Bernsdorff. From Baltimore came Mr. Oscar Foland, a graduate of the Fanwood School. Connecticut and New Jersey were represented, but names were not obtained.

The stage performance was fine, especially the three last numbers on the program, and the music, we are told, was the last word in orchestral harmony.

Concerning details of the affair, the following, taken from the program, gives a good idea of its variety and extent.

Floor Manager—Mr. John R. MacDonnell.

Assistant Floor Manager—Messrs. Arthur McKeog and Samuel Weinstein.

Floor Committee—Messrs. Chas. J. LeClerc (chairman), League of Elect Surds; Arthur C. Bachrach, Deaf-Mutes' Union League; Alex. L. Pach, Deaf-Mutes' Union League; John D. Shea, N. F. S. D.; Benjamin Friedwald, Clark Athletic Association; Hugo Schmidt, Xavier Club; Alfred Stern, Men's Club.

Reception Committee—Harry P. Kane and Wilbur L. Bowers, N. F. S. D.; Adolph Pfandler and Philip Hoening, Clark A. A.; Charles Bothner and Osmond Loew, Deaf-Mutes' Union League; Frank E. Fluhr and Charles Wiemuth, Men's Club; E. Souweine and Charles C. McManis, League of Elect Surds; S. J. Fogarty and Thomas O'Neill, Xavier Club.

The General Committee of the affair consisted of Samuel Frankenheim (Chairman), John F. O'Brien (Secretary), Edwin A. Hodgson (Treasurer).

And with the above, the following, three named members from each representative organization formed the Executive Committee, who had charge in arranging details, looked after the distribution of tickets, in fact looked after every detail:

Brooklyn No. 23, N. F. S. D.—Harry Powell, Thomas Cosgrove and Allan Hitchcock.

Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Association—Fred Haberstroh, Joseph Sweed and Benjamin Friedwald.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League—Samuel Frankenheim, Felix A. Simonson and James B. Gass.

League of Elect Surds—Max Miller, Anthony Capelli and Francis W. Nuboor.

Men's Club of St. Ann's Church—Alfred C. Stern, W. W. Thomas and Albert A. Barnes.

Xavier Allied Societies—Joseph H. Knopp, Sylvester J. Fogarty and Thomas O'Neill.

The Program of stage Artists was as follows:—

Conroy and O'Donald—"The Parcel Post Men," a Rip-Roaring Comedy Male Troupe.

Poster and His Dog "Mike"—The Dog with a Human Brain.

Grace Seymour—An Eccentric Comedienne known on the Vaudeville Stage as "Nuttie McNutt."

The Great Dunninger—The World-famed Prestidigitator and Illusionist, introducing original and novel illusions, etc.

Bryant and Company—A Wonderful Contortion Acrobatic Act with a Surprise Finish.

The Dancing Program Consisted of twenty numbers, and the music which was furnished by Nahan

Franko, of Metropolitan Opera House fame, was first class in every respect, and the dancers enjoyed all to their hearts' content. Here is the Program of Dance:—

1. ONE STEP Jentes "At the Fountain of Youth"
2. FOX TROT Davis "Hilda"
3. WALTZ Von Tilzer "Waters of Venice"
4. ONE STEP Evans "Robinson Crusoe, Jr."
5. FOX TROT Berlin "When You're Down in Louisville"
6. WALTZ Eysler "The Blue Paradise"
7. ONE STEP Brookhouse "All Aboard for Chinatown"
8. FOX TROT Schwartz "Holla Hawaii, How are You?"
9. WALTZ Richardson "Betty Lee"
10. ONE STEP Hubbell "The Ladder of Roses"
11. FOX TROT Von Tilzer "Down Where the Swanes River Flows"
12. WALTZ Neve "Illusion"
13. ONE STEP Marshall "Leading Up the Mandy Lee"
14. FOX TROT Brown "Chin-Chin (Open Your Hand and Let Me In)"
15. WALTZ Harris "The Skating Waltz"
16. ONE STEP Frey "Uncle Tom"
17. FOX TROT Harms "When Cupid Calls"
18. WALTZ Joyce "Sweet Memories"
19. ONE STEP Kern "Very Good, Eddie"
20. FOX TROT Berlin "That Hula Hula"

The program also contained the following abbreviated sketch of Abbe De l'Epee:

The Reverend Charles Michel, known as the Abbe de l'Epee, was born November 23, 1789.

It was from Paris that our own Gallaudet got his preliminary training to start the first school for the deaf in America. A \$12,000 bronze monument at Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., perpetuates the memory of this benefactor of the American deaf and it is hoped that the statue erected in honor of Father de l'Epee will be as substantial as the one at Washington.

The first object that holds the gaze of the visitor to the National Institution for the Deaf in Paris, is the statue of De l'Epee, who is represented in the act of teaching a little boy the word, "D-i-e-u," (God) by the manual alphabet. This statue is the creation and gift of Felix Martin, a deaf-mute sculptor. There stands another splendid statue in front of the Church of St. Louis in Versailles, the city of his birth. Each year his birthday anniversary is celebrated by the deaf in Paris, and in 1912, he was appropriately honored by the deaf gathered together in Paris from all parts of the civilized world.

By inventing a universal language of conventional signs he has given to the deaf of all countries a means by which they can be well educated and enabled (in spite of a great handicap), to live a normal life and secure important positions.

Father De l'Epee took a deep interest in the afflicted. He wished to be a helpful friend to all. One day he saw two deaf young sisters, striving by the use of peculiar signs to make their thoughts known to one another. The interested priest knew that though they, by constant association, could hold limited converse with each other, they would be unable to make a stranger understand the improvised signs. He gave this matter very serious thought, and at last, determined to invent a one-handed alphabet, reduce the gestures of the dumb to an international system of expression, and open a school where the new language would be taught. It was not long until Father De l'Epee opened a school for the deaf in Paris, and to it came pupils from all over the world. In the course of time his sign code was adopted everywhere. His system became one of the wonders of the world. He showed the deaf the possibilities in the way of higher education.

The first of the crowned heads of Europe to become deeply interested in Father de l'Epee and his remarkable work was Joseph, the Emperor of Austria. He sent one of his ecclesiastics to Paris to learn the sign language and on his return the first National School for the deaf was established in Vienna. It was not long until most of the civilized countries had sent earnest men to Paris to be trained by Abbe de l'Epee in the language he had originated and brought to a high degree of perfection. France, England, Spain, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Denmark, and Russia soon had disciples of Father de l'Epee teaching their deaf.

The first teacher of the sign language in America was Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. He was an alumnus of Yale and began to prepare himself for the ministry when he met little Alice Cogswell, a deaf girl. This was the stimulus that determined him to labor in a field then uncultivated. Here he was warmly welcomed by Father Sicard, a worthy successor of the founder. After mastering the sign language Gallaudet engaged an expert deaf teacher, Laurent Clerc, brought him to this country and opened up

the first American School for the training of the deaf at Hartford, Conn.

A party was tendered to Miss Maude V. Jennings, at her residence on Union Street, Brooklyn, by her mother. It was attended by graduates of St. Joseph's Institute, Brooklyn, of which Miss Jennings is also a graduate. Selections on the piano was given by Mr. Edward Greary and Miss Helen R. Lillis. The evening was spent in dancing. Numerous games were played and a bountiful supper was served at midnight. Among those present were: Mrs. Jennings, Miss Maude V. Jennings, Mr. Arthur Pederson, Miss Agnes I. Lillis, Mr. Francis Costello, Miss Mary Quinn, Mr. Joseph Hanley, Miss Liboria Maucere, Mr. Joseph Pucci, Miss Lillian Quinn, Mr. Francis Walker, Miss Rose E. Quinn, Mr. Thomas Martin, Mr. Edward Jennings, Mr. Bowle, Mr. Thomas Cosgrove and Miss Mae Hughes.

The attention of the Ball Committee of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, was called to the fact by the Council No. 2, of the Knights of de l'Epee through their secretary, Mr. Grogan, that the latter society already had announced their ball for November 29th, a few weeks previously in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL; therefore, as a matter of courtesy to the Knights, and also believing in the motto, "First come, first served" the Hebrew Congregation Committee begs to announce that on Saturday evening, January 6th, 1917, the Yorkville Casino has been selected for their annual Charity Ball and Entertainment.

In the great Preparedness parade on Saturday last, Miss Esther H. Spanton marched with the Independent Patriotic Women's Division, organized by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. It did not get under way until almost dark; and was commanded by a friend of Miss Spanton's. She is interested in the American Woman's League for Self Defense, and is a member of the Women's Public Interest League, and will become a member of the American Red Cross shortly.

Since the day the remains of Moses Heyman were laid away in the family vault, Mrs. Heyman has been completely prostrated. She is confined to bed, and by order of the physician is not allowed to have visitors. Although cared for by a trained nurse and receiving skilled medical attention, up to this writing there has been no improvement in her condition.

A Spring Festival in Mt. Vernon Grammar School was held recently, and one of the pupils is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brewer. He is only seven years old and a very bright boy. His mother and his grandmother Mrs. Lizzie Brewer, attended. They are very proud of the little boy.

Miss Eunice Brewer with her mother were at the moving picture exposition two weeks ago, and met Miss V. Pearce and her sister.

Mrs. H. P. Kane desires to thank all those who so generously assisted her in making so successful the fair recently held at St. Ann's.

Nathan Blum, the undertaker, has moved to No. 526 West 160th Street. Mr. Moritz Schonfeld continues as his representative.

David Hurwitz did not stay long in New York. This week he again sailed, via Panama Canal, for California.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. Holy Communion, May 21st, 9 a.m. Confirmation, May 21st, 3 p.m.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 p.m. Holy Communion, May 28th.

May 21st—No service in Trinity church, Newark.

The deaf of Kentucky have lost one of the ablest and most honored representatives of their class in the state, by the death of Robert H. King, of Lexington. He graduated from the Kentucky School for the Deaf in 1859. During after the Civil War he was employed in the quartermaster's department of the U. S. army at Louisville and St. Louis. In 1870 he returned to Lexington to assist his father in the insurance business. Soon after his father retired from the business and the son conducted it himself for nearly forty years. He represented some of the oldest and strongest insurance companies, and his ability and honesty won him the respect and confidence of all. He was a true Kentucky gentleman, genial, courtly, and hospitable. For six years, 1909 to 1915, he was a member of the Board Commissioners of the Kentucky School. His life is a striking example of what a deaf man can do in the world by force of mind and character in spite of his handicap.—Minn. Companion.

OHIO.

(News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 999 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.)

May 13, 1916—Instead of the annual exhibition by the Physical and Educational Departments, both boys and girls, a change was made this year by having only the girls give an exhibit. This came off last Friday evening, in the gymnasium, under the direction of the teacher, Miss Mayes B. Rickey. The spectators were mostly invited hearing people, and that they were pleased with the acting of the girls, was attested by frequent and hearty applause. Indeed, so well did the girls keep time with the music of the piano, that many of the visitors imagined the actors could hear perfectly.

Following is the program gone through:

- I. March.
- II. Swedish Exercises. Lip reading by both Manual and Oral Girls.
- III. May Queen Dance.
- IV. Dumb Bell Exercises.
- V. Pantomime.
 - a. The Cross Teacher.
 - b. Lullaby.
- VI. Phrasing to Music:
 - "Hush thee, my Baby, Lie still with thy mother, Thy father has gone to the mill, So stay fast asleep And our vigil will keep And so my dear Baby, lie still."

TEACHERS—MISS LANDIS and MISS SALTZ-GAVIER.

"Little Bo Peep Has lost her sheep And can't tell where to find them. Leave them alone And they'll come home And bring their tails behind them."

- VII. Technique Exercises.
- VIII. Musette Dance.
- IX. Wand Exercises.
- X. Fashion Caprice—Dance.
- XI. Waltz Gracieuse.
- XII. Gallanterie Schottische.
- XIII. Awarding of Merits.
- XIV. School Yell.

At its conclusion, Miss Ethel Zell came forward, and referring to the giving of prizes, in other schools for the deaf, for excellence in deportment, application, etc., thought the same should be given here, and announced that for excellence of performance, willingness, deportment and obedience during the year in the department, the following had been awarded the "merit ribbon," consisting of a black ribbon upon which is printed the letters O. S. S. D. in white:

Rachel Glendon, Magdalena Sattler, Bertha Hyatt, Corinne Glaser, Lizzie Profit, Dorothy Durrant, Gladys Sampson, Florence Kinney, Florence Nesbitt, Capitola Engstrom, Mary Mamula, Marie McConnell, Sarah Browner, Beniah Whiteacre and Irene Roeder.

As each name was called the girl came forward and Miss Rickey pinned the ribbon around her right arm, and, in recognition for the emblem, the recipient acknowledged it by a graceful bow.

After all had been ribboned, a number of the girls who can speak came forward and gave the school yell, doing it in fine shape, too.

Members of the Clonlan Society to the number of fifty, with three of the teachers and enough lunch for noon and evening, left the school at about eight o'clock, in two large transfer wagons, last Saturday morning. The objective point was the Storage Dam, about nine miles north-west of the city, but a roundabout route had to be taken, as the direct road was closed. The day proved an ideal one. Out in the country nature was in her glory. Green fields, apple and other fruit trees in bloom, filling the air with their fragrance, and the winged songsters, could we have heard them chanting their refrains, the dandelion blooms everywhere were in evidence, and the lads and lassies of the party, well, the younger set, especially, were enlivened by the change, and preferring now and then to trot after the wagons instead of on them. A mile west of the Dam the wagons drove into a grove. Baskets were unloaded and placed under a tree, and the whole party, with a single exception, who kept a watch on the baskets, walked a mile distant to the Dam, where for a time they frolicked, took pictures and then returned to the wagons. After a generous lunch, the party, but two, started afoot for Hayden's Falls, three and a half miles away, at 12:45. The Falls are about twenty feet high and are a fine sight. While endeavoring to cross the stream, in the glen below, one of the lads took an unwilling bath, much to the delight of his companions. However, he didn't mind the wetting and was dried out before long. A different route on the return was taken, being along the Scioto River, which forms the Storage Dam. The wagons were reached at four. Lunch was served, and

promptly at 4:30 the wagons with their now tired loads, started cityward and reached the school at 6:15. Every one of the party enjoyed the outing, but the next day there were some stiff extremities, as well as sunburnt faces and arms, as a consequence of the previous day's jaunt.

Following is clipped from the Toledo Blade of the 9th inst.:

"If I get many more of this variety, I'll make demands for eighty-eight assistants, a pencil manufactory and a paper mill."

Marriage License Clerk Hagerty had just finished issuing a license to a deaf and dumb couple—Peter S. Rietz, forty-four, Overland employee, and Mrs. Eva Kelly, thirty-nine, both of 959 Post Street.

Ordinarily it takes about three or five minutes to issue a license. This one took thirty-one minutes.

Mrs. Thomas Crowley, of Canton, O., after a month's illness from a cold, is able to be about again.

Beginning on the 8th inst. Messrs. Weckel, Schild, Moore and Crowley, who are employed in the Deuber Watch Company, have five and a half days work of ten hours a day.

Mr. B. O. Sprague was over from Reynoldsburg this week on business and called at the school. He reports having plenty of work in his shop, and also having moved into a more commodious residence, near the edge of town.

Wm. Morehouse on his way to Toledo stopped over a short time and visited friends at the school. He was called by the Overland Motor Company to come up and work for it.

Rev. B. R. Allabough conducted services at the school Sunday afternoon. Also at Trinity Chapel in the morning and evening.

In our last we had Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Wheeler back in Columbus. Their stay however was short as they have returned to Ashland, Kentucky, yesterday for the reason that there is not sufficient work now at the Heer Printing Company.

A. B. G.

The Deaf-Mute Alphabet.

The Nautilus for February has the following misinformation about Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, contributed by Orison Sweet Marden:

"Professor Bell's discovery of the telephone was something of an accident. He was an ordinary teacher of the phonetic method of speech when he found the first clue to his life work. He and his father had already devised an alphabet for the deaf and dumb. But one day it occurred to him that if sound could be communicated through a string, stretched a hundred feet or more between the bottoms of two tomato cans, so that a conversation could be carried on from opposite ends of the string, that the same principle might be worked over a wire. There was nothing very remarkable about this. And body of ordinary intelligence might have drawn the same conclusion from the string experiment."

"But Professor Bell, who was then a poor man, did not stop here. He had found the work he was sent into the world to do, and he toiled on until he gave mankind one of the greatest inventions of the nineteenth century."

In the May issue of the same magazine, Mrs. Augusta K. Barrett, of Council Bluffs, Ia., writes the following correction:—

"On page 22 of the February Nautilus, Mr. Marden credits Prof. Bell and his father with 'devising an alphabet for the deaf and dumb.' The honor does not belong to them. The inventor of the deaf-mute's alphabet is Abbe Charles Michel de l'Epee. He is regarded as a patron saint by the deaf in France and America. To be sure I was not mistaken, I looked it up in the library in the Encyclopedia Britannica, 11th edition. In France two statues have been erected in honor of the Abbe, and a subscription is now being circulated among the deaf in America for the erection of a statue to him. I think Mr. Marden would be glad to make the correction if the matter were brought to his attention."

"Prof. Bell has a deaf wife, and my understanding of the matter is that he was trying to alleviate her deafness when he hit upon the telephone. In his early days he was a teacher of the deaf."

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3525 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 3:00 P.M., Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Morning Prayer—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the first, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Clerc Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

PHILADELPHIA.

(News items for this column should be sent to James S. Kelder, 1838 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.)

On Wednesday evening, May 10th, Mrs. Nancy Moore, of Toronto, Canada, entertained a few friends at dinner at the residence of Mrs. M. J. Syle, with whom she had been stopping since her return to Philadelphia about a month ago. Those who enjoyed her hospitality were Mrs. Syle, Miss Irene Syle, Mrs. Mabel Wilson, Mrs. M. L. Haight, of New York; Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Sanders, and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. S. Reider. The dinner was followed by a party which was attended by the following additional guests: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. S. McGhee, Mrs. Breen, the Misses Dorothy and Margaret Sanders, Misses Gertrude M. Downey, Gertrude Parker, Ethel Mock, Marie Goodling, Esther Rappaport, Mary Woods, Dora Kintzel, Hannah Reidy, John A. Roach, William McKinney and Arthur Fowler.

The evening was delightfully spent in games, after which dainty refreshments were partaken of, and altogether it was a very enjoyable function.

On Thursday evening, 11th inst., a crowd that fairly filled All Souls' Guild Hall (the lower hall), greeted the Rev. Franklin C. Smielau to see him give his lecture on "Defenceless America." Those who had expected nothing more than a repeat of the common arguments for preparedness, were agreeably surprised at finding that Mr. Smielau had come prepared to give them a powerful array of facts and figures that will be food for thought for some time to come. Needless to say then, the lecture was thoroughly appreciated.

The following was reported in a Sunday paper on May 7th:—

George P. Franklin, 65 years old, of 1819 Green Street, was run down and killed by an automobile shortly before midnight last night, while crossing Broad Street at Mount Vernon. With him was Frank Kennedy, 77 years old, who also was struck by the car and seriously injured.

Both victims were taken to Hahnemann Hospital, where Franklin died soon after midnight.

The death of Franklin is the 45th fatal automobile accident on the streets of Philadelphia since January 1st of this year.

Up to May 7th, the auto accident death toll in Philadelphia since January 1st, was 45. The death of Mr. Franklin is a terrible blow to his deaf sister, Miss Nellie Franklin, who had been living with him and who was to her a greatly beloved and devoted brother. The deepest sympathy is felt for Miss Franklin by her many friends here. She was formerly a teacher in the Kansas School for the Deaf.

Mrs. Nancy Moore and her companion, Mrs. Mabel Wilson, left for New York last Saturday, on their way to Canada.

Mrs. Dantzer left for Evansville, Ind., to visit her mother, on Friday, May 12th, at 4:30 p.m. Mr. Dantzer expects to join her at Indianapolis, June 9th, where they expect to attend the triennial reunion of the former pupils of the Indiana School. After the reunion, they may visit Mrs. Dantzer's sister in Chicago, then after a short visit to a brother of Mr. Dantzer in Erie, they will return home about July 1st, to remain home all summer, except for occasional trips to the seashore and nearby points.

Mr. Dantzer visited Mr. Laib Hamburg, at his home at 1904 Franklin Street, last Tuesday afternoon, and found he had been quite ill for some time. He looks very thin and wasted. He hopes arrangements can be made for his entrance in the Jewish Hospital during the hot spell, or failing this, go to some country place. He will be glad to see his school friends and others, for quite naturally he is lonesome.

After a little over five months, the body of William Parker, of Leipsic, Delaware, the only hearing brother of Miss Gertrude Parker, and one of four men who were drowned, when their sloop, the *Carrie Haley*, capsized in Delaware Bay, on November 19th, 1915, was found in a marsh near Bridgeton, N. J. Owing to its decomposed state, the body has been temporarily interred at Bridgeton, and later will be removed to Delaware.

For the second time in one week, another large crowd gathered in All Souls' Parish Hall to witness the play, "Back to the Country," in three acts, last Saturday evening, 13th of May. The following is the cast of characters:

Abimelech Quigley Higginbotham, Known as "Quig" David Speece
Mrs. Jerusha Higginbotham, Quig's Mother Miss Jeanette King
Amanah Higginbotham, Quig's Father W. B. Lipsett
Dudley Weatherwax, Quig's Croom Miss Margaret Van Buren
Miss Maria Juddins, Quig's second best girl Miss E. Rappaport
Hiram Hacketon, a Village Grocer S. Thomas
Mrs. Garlinger, a Country Dame Mrs. J. J. Peiffer
Mrs. Thomas, a Widow with six children Miss E. Peiffer

It was a comical presentation and well enjoyed, although it may have dragged along a little too long. It was under the management of Miss Jeanette King and Miss Maggie Laird. The proceeds will go to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Doylestown.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf held an adjourned meeting, at 1538 North Dover Street, on Friday evening, May 12th, and finished its business. Those attending the meeting were President Reider; First Vice-President Smielau; Secretary Ziegler; Treasurer Roach; and Messrs C. O. Dantzer, Charles Partington and William McKinney. Rev. F. C. Smielau, who had been elected to the Board of Trustees of the Home to fill the unexpired term of Mr. S. G. Davidson, resigned, was re-elected for a full term at this meeting. Other important business was transacted which, however, we are not prepared to state now. It will be officially announced later. In a previous letter we stated that the sum of \$119.91 was turned over to the Home treasury; that was an error, for the amount was a hundred dollars more, or \$219.91. As we previously reported, the next meeting of the Society will be held at Mt. Airy, on August 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th.

All Souls' annual strawberry festival will be given on Saturday evening, June 3d, next. Tickets will cost a quarter each, which price will include refreshments. Some additional entertainment will be provided at this event.

An enjoyable social evening is promised by the Clerc Literary Association on Thursday evening, May 25th. Don't forget it.

On April 29th, Mr. William H. Lipsett gave a reading of "Alaric" before the Lancaster Local Branch, P. S. A. D., at St. James' Parish House, Lancaster. Mr. Lipsett also read service, on Sunday morning, April 30th, at Lancaster, and at Reading, on the evening.

On Sunday evening, May 14th, Mr. Reider read service at Chester, Pa.

James L. Patterson joined the second pilgrimage of the Stonemen Fellowship to Pittsburgh, on Saturday, April 29th, last. He is a member of the Fellowship, and thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

The Rev. F. C. Smielau was in the city on a threefold mission last week. On Thursday evening, he lectured before the Clerc Literary Association; on Friday evening, he attended the P. S. A. D. Board meeting, and on Saturday afternoon, a meeting of the Board of Trustees at the House, in Doylestown. On Sunday he left for duty in Easton. He was the guest of the Reiders, while in Philadelphia.

Mrs. M. L. Haight, of New York, spent several days in the city last week, stopping with Mrs. Syle.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Kraskoff lectured before the Beth Israel Association last Sunday, 14th inst. He talked about Polyanna and Christian Science. Miss Edith Ball will lecture before the same association next Sunday, May 21st, and Mr. Geo. T. Sanders will do likewise on May 28th.

There will be another entertainment given for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, at All Souls' Parish House, on May 17th.

Mrs. George W. Campbell has gone to her farm home at Doylestown for the summer. Her husband joins her there weekly.

Conrad Dever, of Norristown, has secured work in a shoe-factory in Philadelphia.

George W. Taylor, father of Mrs. Chas. M. Pennell, died on Sunday, at an advanced age. Mrs. Pennell has the sympathy of a host of friends. There have been other bereavements in the families of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell within the last few years.

About two months ago the brother of Mrs. Priscilla Freyberg, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., sold out his dry-goods store, and is at present retired from business. Much surprise was expressed, as it was thought that they intended moving away, but they have not decided upon this. Recently Miss Freyberg chanced to renew her acquaintance with an old schoolmate, Miss Mamie Leary, whom she has not seen for a long time. Miss Leary is now spending a week, visiting in New York and Newark, N. J.

From 1867 to 1916, property purchased by the State of California, for \$12,000, in Berkeley, increased fifty-four times in valuation.

State Property Agent Edwin Smith is listing an appraisal of all State properties under the direction of the State Board of Control, and a report, issued to-day, shows that the land alone, in the 131-acre site for the California School for the Deaf and Dumb, is valued at \$650,000. It was purchased in 1867 for \$12,000.—S. F. Chronicle.

Died.

Mr. Pembroke S. Steward, husband of Mrs. Leonora L. Steward, passed away at their home in Portland, Me., on the 6th of April, at the advanced age of 78 years.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President Jay C. Howard, A. L. Roberts, Treasurer Harley D. Drake, Minn. Kan. Wash., D. C.

Vice-Presidents: A. B. Greener, Ohio, Walter Glover, S. C. Mrs. A. Lashbrook, N. Y. J. W. Howson, Cal.

Executive Committee: Jay C. Howard, Minnesota, Ex-Officio Chairman.

Owen G. Carrell, of Austin, Texas
Shelby W. Harris, of Jackson, Miss.
Arthur L. Roberts, of Olathe, Kansas.
George H. Bailey, of Mount Olive, N. C.
Leo C. Williams, of San Francisco, Cal.
W. S. Root, of Seattle, Wash.
Walter G. Durian, Hartford, Ct.
John H. Keiser, New York.

OFFICIAL.

IMPOSTOR BUREAU.

The N. A. D. may bring several suits for fully \$50,000 each, any day!

Tired of being the "goats" of every form of meanness and degradation practiced by irresponsible parties, the Impostor Bureau believes it is on the scent of reputable business concerns who have actually fostered the "deaf and dumb game."

Chief Waring, of Grinnell, Iowa, who two years ago compelled a young girl to confess her company had employed her to travel as a deaf-mute, caught a very beautiful, actress-looking peddler named Eugenia Forbes, on April third.

There was a dramatic scene in the Grinnell court room. Miss Forbes well carried out her claims to have been on the stage, alternately shaking her head and body madly, weeping, casting looks of appeal and poignant hatred from luminous orbs, and otherwise playing on the feelings of the court. She was clever, too, and the best cross-examiner on my Bureau (he averages twelve prosecutions a year) was hard put to trip her up.

"I know more English history, geography, literature and mathematics than you do," she told Waring. "In that case you are too well educated to be a deaf-mute," rejoined the ex-Gallaudetite.

The young woman was craftily led into giving the names and addresses of three firms who could vouch for her, the companies who supplied her with knit goods.

She threatened to send for her "manager," if she was further molested. Beautiful young woman—of course, the judge let her go.

Waring enlisted the aid of several parties, including the secretary of the social service league, and is endeavoring to secure proof by artfully worded decoy letters to the firms under suspicion. He has also informed the postal authorities that delay in answering on the part of one of them looks suspicious. As he puts it, "You know the postal authorities generally investigate promptly, and without expense to the aggrieved parties."

There are many others angles to the case, all interesting, which lack of space prevents telling.

I have strongly represented to President Howard the advisability of suing the firms for \$50,000 or more each, provided, of course, Waring and his associates are fortunate enough to procure proof that will hold in a court of law.

A corporation can sue and be sued. Any reputable and responsible organization working the deaf real harm, is almost certain to be held accountable to the recognized organization of the people it harms.

Lawsuits cost money. But such a lawsuit as the above, with its ensuing front-page publicity proving "Deaf-Mutes Do Not Beg," will be worth the outlay to all of us, gentle reader, you and I. We need the money to fight with, to get justice. Have you sent in your small share? If not, why not?

Send stamps, checks, or currency to the Treasurer, Professor Harley Drake, Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.

I thank you.
J. FREDERICK MEAGHER,
Bureau Director.

LATER—Chief Waring has been writing; keeping me posted nearly every day since the appearance of Miss Forbes in Grinnell. I once received three letters from him in one mail. He is crafty, determined, pitiless; and while far from a rich man, he is spending time and money lavishly, to get justice done in the case of Miss Forbes' associates.

In the face of such unselfish zeal, why should YOU begrudge a little loose change to the N. A. D., YOUR National Association.

The U. S. postal inspector detailed to cover the complaint, came to Grinnell and investigated. He seems of the opinion that, with matters as they are, he can do nothing until we get incontrovertible proof, that the companies really do mail a correspondence course of instruction in "the deaf and dumb game."

The Indianapolis Company was visited five times by the investigating authorities, but "the bird had flown." The place was empty save for a table, a chair, and a few envelopes with the firm's name printed thereon.

News of the other two places is withheld for the present. A short-

age of funds is the greatest draw in a matter of this kind. Waring has spent much—all out of his own pocket—but this can not go on forever. We need contributions.

And if we fail, it will not be because we did not do our best. Again I thank you.

Measured by Inches.

Everybody knows what a little thing an inch is, but few realize what a big thing it is. Few stop to contemplate what the difference in an inch really means. A tailor knows when an inch too much or too little has cost him anywhere from \$18 to \$80. A dressmaker knows when an inch too little of the goods on hand may cause her, after an arduous day of planning, to abandon a chosen pattern for another. An engineer knows when his train, with its carload of human freight has gone an inch off the track it goes over a precipice.

Some men have minds one inch off the judgment track, and that causes all their schemes, gigantic and brilliant as they may be, to run amuck.

Every calamity and every success in life is controlled by inches.

Men rarely go to their doom in an hour. It is inch by inch.

All successes are won inch by inch.

As inch by inch the waters of life creep in to engulf us, so inch by inch the obstacles that impede our progress move aside.

The man who attempts to leap over the inches to reach his goal gets there with a broken leg.

The word inch has a forbidding sound. It is because it holds us in its clutches. We cannot ignore an inch or it immediately thwarts our intentions. Every simple thing is performed by man as the saying goes, "within an inch of his life."

All diseases move inch by inch. Before the scarlet fever breaks out in a child it has been developing inch by inch for nine days. The overstepping of an inch in the proprieties of life brands us. If a girl in a theater laughs an inch too loud the audience looks around and puts upon her the stamp of "not a lady."

Department is measured by inches, and woe unto the man who fails to observe its dictates. Even in his deepest grief, if one goes too far in his wailing the grief is questioned if not ridiculed, and sympathy turned aside.

An inch too far in a poet's flight to imagination's realms and the world laughs at his best efforts.

A single inch in any direction may throw away a man's chance for the world's approval, and yet some men do not even consider the yards.

It is the man who considers life within an inch of every detail presented who succeeds.—*New York American.*

Gratitude.

Gratitude is a word that comprehends the happiness of the human race. It turns the heart towards the Fountain of all Good and so makes possible a greater receptivity and a greater joy. Without it even glories of heaven could not confer happiness, and all the sweet amenities of life would fail. With it the humblest home may be blest with angel visits, and one step upward from the depths of grief may be fraught with a new-found joy. But shall we be grateful for the mere incidents of life and forget to be supremely grateful for life itself? We murmur so much at the conditions of life, and on a reluctant concession we admit that this is better than that, and so we express our feeble thanks—praising the beauty of a single leaf while murmuring at the tree that bore it. Are you truly grateful for life? Are you glad that you were born? Do you accept your life from the hand of God as his richest gift—the containing of all possible blessing? Life is a wonderful gift—the most wonderful and the most blessed gift that the Infinite God could plan for the objects of his love. We have hardly begun to learn how great it is, how great it can be. Beginning at birth, and through childhood, youth and age, it stretches out into realms of Eternity—ever growing vaster and yet more vast in its approximation of limitless possibilities.

If you had not been born you would never have known life—the sum of all blessings. The unqualified acceptance of life, with all its mystery and pain, all its labor and weariness, and yet all its sweetness and joy, and all its latent potentiality—that is and is forever must be the basis of true gratitude, the one great theme for thanks. Unless you are grateful for life itself you cannot be truly glad for anything that life contains. But being grateful for life itself adds a tinge of celestial glory to every simple blessing and makes To-day akin to the vast Forever.—*Exchange.*

A thing hard to realize is that in 1776 all shoes were alike for both feet. They must have been very uncomfortable. Rights and lefts were unknown until 1800, when they were invented and introduced by William Young, a fashionable bootmaker of Philadelphia.

An Interesting Visit

TO THE VIRGINIA STATE SCHOOL FOR THE COLORED DEAF AND BLIND CHILDREN.

I shall here describe my visit to the Virginia State School for the Deaf and Blind Children. My figure may not be quite right, but it is as I remember.

I had long desired to visit the above school and made plans to do so.

The Easter vacation rolled around at Fanwood, and most of the pupils left for their respective homes, while I was on my way to Portsmouth, Va.

I sent a letter to the Principal of the school, asking for permission to visit the school. The Principal kindly granted this.

The day arrived, and I made the trip from Portsmouth, to Newport News, Virginia, on the S. S. Virginia, of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. The steamer sailed through Hampton Roads, where our warships were anchored, after returning from target practice near Cuba, and passed the German prize ship, Appam, arriving at the pier after a pleasant hour's ride.

At the pier, to my surprise, was the Principal, who was waiting for the members of the Board of Directors, and for me, too. I was introduced by him to some well-known persons and was glad to meet them. Later the Board arrived, and we all got into two autos and rode to the school.

We rode through the fine streets of Newport News, and the scenery was beautiful. At last, I arrived at the school, and as the Board was to meet, I had to part from Mr. Ritter, (the principal), and make a tour of the buildings with a Mr. Bass. Mr. Bass showed me around the school, and I was much surprised to find the latest improvements in the school.

I will here give you a little history of the school, which shows how a man, who wanted to do something, succeeded.

Mr. Ritter, a printer by trade, wrote and fought with the State Legislature for sixteen years, to get funds to establish a deaf school for colored children.

He won at last. How? By grit. Did he give up? No. He just kept on plugging at his task, and he has been successful and has established a fine school.

Other deaf-mutes should follow his example, as Mr. Ritter is a deaf man himself.

The school was started in 1903, with one building and a small sum of \$5,000, and it has now risen very rapidly and at the present writing, it has seven buildings, which include a hospital, too. Since the hospital was established over two years, not one person had ever been in a bed, until I was there, when a boy had been there a week. The children's health is excellent, and great care is taken to prevent sickness among them.

There are seven teachers (three for the blind and four for the deaf) in the school, among whom are Misses Marshall, Britt, James; Mrs. Bass, Messrs. Bass, Carpenter, the Principal, Mr. Ritter, and two others whose names I have forgotten.

Mr. Bass is trades teacher, teaching in the carpenter shop and other trades. This shop has the latest machinery for making all kinds of things, and is electrically run, too. It is very large, and the pupils take pride in it.

The pupils make all sorts of things in this shop, and I saw one of the pupils working on a four-foot aeroplane, different from the one he had made previously.

I visited the different class rooms, and was astonished to see how well the children could answer the teacher's questions. The children were quite interested in what the teacher said, and were glad to see a cadet from Fanwood, all "dolled up." My visit to the class rooms was very short, as I had arrived a little late in the morning.

Dinner time came around and school was dismissed. The pupils now prepared for their lunch.

I prepared for my lunch with the Board of Directors.

I, at first, declined to have lunch with the company, but being urged to do so, I accepted with the greatest pleasure, and I sat down and ate with the Directors, as well as the teachers, in a most hearty way.

After the lunch, the Directors left for their respective homes, and I sat and chatted with the teaching staff on the veranda.

In half an hour, time was up for the pupils to attend to their trades, and the teachers dispersed and I visited the pupils at their trades.

There was chair caning, and broom making done by the blind, and shoe-making, carpentry and farming taught the deaf.

The school has one hundred and eleven acres of land, most of which is farm land.

Sewing, knitting, and other work is done by the girls.

The school has from about one hundred to one hundred twenty-five pupils and is still young, having a good location.

The Curtis Aviation School is near and aeroplanes can be seen high in the air trying for records. This is a United States Army Aviation School. The Hampton Military

School is nearby. The Newport News ship yards are in the same town. Hampton Roads is in the distance. Chesapeake Bay, too.

Well, the School is pretty well surrounded, and so there is no need to describe the other things about.

I forgot to mention the laundry, that the School is proud of, as all the washing is done by machinery and is a very large one, too.

There is a barn, which the pupils also take pride in, as it was made by their own hands, and there are cattle, horses, swine and poultry in it.

A half hour before it was time to leave, I again returned to the teacher's building and I had another chat with the teachers, especially Miss Marshall, who has several friends here, and was interested to hear about Fanwood and its routine.

Mr. Ritter should be given much praise for the good work he has done to bring up the colored deaf and blind children in the State of Virginia, and he deserves as much honor as other "famous" deaf teachers.

I left the school a little after five o'clock, after spending a day that was the most interesting I have ever had, and rode with Mr. Ritter, in his auto, along the principal Avenue W. (Washington Avenue,) and back again to the pier, where after bidding good-bye and thanking Mr. Ritter for his kindness towards me, I was on my way back home.

I would like to thank Mr. Ritter through the JOURNAL again, and wish him the best luck and success forever in his school.

NATHAN SCHWARTZ,
Pupil in Fanwood School.

Disgraceful Deficiencies.

It is a disgrace—

To be grossly ignorant of the customs and usages of good society. To ignore the forces which are improving civilization in our own country.

To know nothing of the things we see, handle and enjoy every day of our lives.

Not to know enough about the laws of health and physiology and hygiene to live healthfully and sanely.

To be grossly ignorant in these days of free schools, cheap newspapers, periodicals and circulating libraries.

To be so controlled by any appetite or passion that one's usefulness and standing in the community is impaired.

Not to have an intelligent idea of the country in which we live, not to know its history, its industries, and the conditions of its people.

To live in the midst of schools, libraries, museums, lectures, picture galleries, and improvement clubs and not to avail one's self of their advantages.—*Success.*

Sand Forts.

It was a foolish man, the parable tells us, who built his house on the sand, but the Russians have proved wise in employing sand forts for the defense of Riga and Divinsk.

The stoutest masonry and the hardest steel fell before German guns in Belgium, but the sand bulwarks of Russia, though hastily improvised and pitifully fragile to look at, have stood and served well by simply absorbing the enemy's fire. "The largest high explosive shells," an observer writes, "stir up the sand but do not carry it away; it falls back, and the only damage done is a small crater which the next shell may fill again."

Curiously enough, the present war has relegated some of the most modern means of defense and has revived some of the most ancient. Trench fighting harks back to primitive times, and the helmets and shields used on both sides of the western front recall Mediaeval days.

In a human as well as mechanical senses, the war reminds us not infrequently of the darkest ages or of savagery itself. Who would have predicted two years ago that a beligerent would hurl bombs upon helpless noncombatants and on women and children?—*Atlanta Journal.*

A Smart Indian.

One cold day in November a farmer and his hired man were making cider. An Indian, with a basket on his arm, came along and stopped to watch them. Pretty soon the Indian asked the farmer to give him some cider. The farmer said: "I will give you much as you can carry in the basket."

Then the farmer almost split his sides, laughing at the poor Indian, who turned away disappointed.

The Indian took his basket to a small stream, dipped it in the water. Then he took it out and waited a little while. Then he did it all over again for several times.

By and bye ice covered the bottom and sides of his basket. He left the basket out-doors all night.

Early the next morning he took his basket on his arm, and went to the farmer's home again. He handed the basket to the surprised farmer and said, "Give me some cider now." And the farmer filled his basket full of cider, and it did not run out, because the sides and bottom were covered with a crust of ice.

Treat Him Like a Man.

We heard of a young man who didn't make good in the world. He was clean and nice enough, but he never recovered from his infancy. He always expected to be treated as a baby, and when he got out into the world where he was disappointed, he resorted to bad company and night-escapes of various hues. We knew that a boy, when he was young, says the *Ohio State Journal*, and he was caressed and fondled by his mother.

She thought that as a boy was so dear to her, the wicked old world would surely not hurt him. And so she actually caressed the starch out of him, and when he got out into life, where he had to contend with men, he was flabby. He contracted the habit of laziness and never got out of the habit.

We think sometimes that mothers are wise in fondling their sons, and making their love so tender that it will always be a grateful influence on the boy's life. But it doesn't work that way. It does seem that so much caressing makes a boy. The best way to do is to treat the older boy as a free agent and a man. He can stand that.

Aim at Absolute Accuracy.

Compositors are prayerfully asked and urged to exercise the utmost diligence to have everything correct before any proof is made of a job. We believe this to be the bed-rock principle of efficiency for a compositor and in a composing-room.

Making corrections is the most irritating form of unproductive labor. Unnecessary work for the proof-reader and annoyance for the boss.

Both a delay of making corrections. Oblivates the necessity of making a second proof.

It particularly saves the great bother and loss of time to both compositor and pressmen, when forms have to be taken off the press for corrections.

It immeasurably lessens the liability of errors getting through without being discovered at all.

It is our judgment that there is no excuse for a so-called "typographical error" in matter set from good copy. Getting things right is a habit that can and should be religiously cultivated. That worn-out old saw, "Mistakes will happen," etc., has no place in modern business. Mistakes can be avoided. Bank cashiers and train dispatchers do not make them. Compositors should not.—*Typographic Messenger.*

Too Much for Her.

Unobserved and unannounced, the lady-president of a church society entered the composing room of a newspaper just in time to hear these words issue from the mouth of the boss printer:

"Billy, go to the 'devil' and tell him to finish that 'murder' he began this morning. Then 'kill' William J. Bryan's Youngest Grandchild, and dump the 'Sweet Angel of Mercy' into the 'hell-box.' Then make up that 'Naughty Parisian Actress,' and lock up 'The Lady in Her Boudoir.'"

Horried, the good woman fled, and now her children wonder why they are not allowed to play with the printer's youngsters.—*Ex.*

Die Wacht am Anna.

(The teachers are happy. Nine of them are of Irish or English descent, and their dinner table is waited on by a pretty German maid, Miss Anna Wechner.)

Ve vatch you amble, meek und mildt, Mit antics of vun leedle childt,— But, ach, to dink you Bosches vildt, By gimmel!

Are strafing England's goot old bandt— Our folks fall by your folks handt! Fair fraulein from der Faderlandt, Ach, himmel!

Ve vatch you amble meekly by, Mit fawn-like pace und doe-like eye, Und vonders, "Can she be vun spy?" Ve vunder.

But nein; when all is dun und said, It's choost the fault of Kronprinz Fred— Ach, dunder on der dunderhead, Ja, dunder.

Ve vatch you blandly bow und bendt As, iber us, die Job you tendt— Dose dishes gif, mine leedle friendt, Und ve vos fain!

Meintinks, goot Gott, alretty yet, Dot odder scrap to fain forget,— To vicker yar exclaim, you bet, "Auf wiedersehen!" —*The Washingtonian.*

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE

143 West 126th Street

LITTLE CONEY ISLAND

Saturday, May 27, 1916

FUN! FROLIC!

Refreshments Free

Ladies Welcome!

Gentlemen - - - 10 cents

FELIX A. SIMONSON, Chairman

OSMOND LOWE LAWRENCE WEINBERG

St. Andrew's Silent Mission.

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Priest-in-Charge.
Edwin W. Frisbee and Albert S. Tufts, Lay-Readers.

21—Boston, 11 A.M.
Lynn, 3 P.M.
26—N. E. Home, Friday, 3 P.M.
28—Boston, Confirmation service, 3 P.M.
Worcester, 3:15 P.M.
Providence, 7:30 P.M.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon will visit Boston from May 22d to 30th.

Mr. Edwin W. Frisbee, Lay-Missionary,
89 Playstead Road, West Medford, Mass.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT

AND

COUNTRY STORE

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Ass'n

TO BE HELD AT THE

Guild Room of St. Ann's Church

511 West 148th Street

Saturday Eve., May 20, 1916

CURTAIN GOES UP

AT 8 O'CLOCK SHARP

Admission (including refreshments) 35 cts

Brooklyn Division, No. 23

N. F. S. D.

DON'T FORGET OUR

ANNUAL

Picnic and Games

—AT—

ULMER PARK

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Saturday, September 2, 1916

Particulars later.

FIFTH ANNUAL

Picnic & Games

OF THE

New York Council, No. 2,

Knights of De l'Epee

TO BE HELD AT

ATHLETIC FIELD, ULMER PARK

— ON —

Saturday, July 8th, 1916

MUSIC BY OUR FAVORITE

TICKETS - - - 25c EACH

Further particulars later.

Picnic, Games and

Prize Bowling

under the auspices of the

Lutheran Guild for the

Deaf

— AT —

White House Park

Rockaway Ave. and 95th St.,

CANARSIE, L. I.

Saturday Afternoon and

Evening, August 12, 1916

Admission, - - - 25 Cents

If weather is unfavorable, arrangements are made for a large hall.

Arrangement Committee
Miss R. Schmitt Mrs. Konzelman
Mrs. Fischer Mr. Borgstrom
Mr. Breden Mr. Downs

Directions—Take Broadway "L" via Canarsie from Chambers St., under Municipal Building; or take Hamburg Avenue Trolley car from Williamsburg Bridge.

YOUR SELECTION

of a life insurance policy should not be governed by sentimental reasons. A policy is a CONTRACT between YOU and the COMPANY.

GET THE BEST

IN THE

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF BOSTON, MASS.

(Oldest in America—Assets over \$70,000,000.00)

This is a practical investment which you can never regret.

NO DISCRIMINATION AGAINST THE DEAF!

Premium rates exactly the same as to hearing people. Don't be fooled! Write or see me before too late! If you will send name, age and address, I will be pleased to forward complete information